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very start and he never flags. What he began rather touchingly he ends rather greatly; you cannot be sorry for him any more; as soon could you be sorry for the Noble Army of Martyrs, and the story itself, which opens perhaps fantastically, ends on that note of deep irony which passes into reconciliation. People being what they are, there is but a little choice between better and worse—the affection is all. Whatever Stephen did not know about his Julia he had to learn at the last, and whatever she gave to Heron he had to do without, but he had her child. Having borne so much, he could bear the rest and make out a good sort of week-day life with the child for supreme satisfaction. Lives are made out thus and not so ill. Julia is light of weight with more of Lilith than of Eve about her. It is a pity that the best relation in the book should be the final understanding between a brave sweet soul and a low sort of brute, even though the brave soul is a foolish innkeeper with no taste and the other a poet and man of letters. It is a pity there should be no decent woman—spiritually speaking—to relieve the tension.

A pretty by-product is “The Shoulder Knot”* in which the author amuses herself by saving the soul of her most recent villain. Christine is a lovely *amende honorable* for Julia Wing and Peter Bonsey is Heron saved at the price of blindness. Meredith was always in love with his heroines; women are too apt to grow enamoured of their own puppets. This one at least has tricked out her escapade into a charming fantasia in which sea and downs play a better part than the devil, and more convincing. This is hammock reading good for hot afternoons.

FOREIGN FICTION.

IF any man will know whether youth is irretrievably past, let him read “*La Croisée des Chemins*.”† The chances are that the first half of it will stir dear memories, make him twenty-one again, bring back the Quartier when he knew Paris, evoke the theories and standards of the ardent age. And then—the second half is fifteen years later; the society, the fashions, the motor-

* “The Shoulder Knot.” By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. Boston: Cassel & Co., 1909.

† “*La Croisée des Chemins*.” Par Henry Bordeaux. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1910.